

THE ONLY VICTIMS.

An Amusing Adventure In the Surf on the West Coast of Africa Told by a Traveler.

West Africa is known to all navigators for its few harbors and its heavy surf, which at certain seasons rages like a battle, defying the white man who would approach its shores. The author of "The Jungle Folk of Africa," Mr. R. H. Milligan, tells of a successful, and to the observers an amusing, effort to reach shore at a point where the surf did not seem to be impossible. One day when the beach seemed much better than usual the captain and the ship's surgeon ventured ashore. The captain afterward narrated the adventure of their landing to a small but enthusiastic audience. He said that after waiting outside the surf half an hour the headman suddenly gave the order, and in a moment they were in the breakers, riding on the top of one of them and speeding toward the shore at the rate of "seventy miles an hour."

The captain was in the bow of the boat, well braced and cushioned. But when the boat struck the beach with the force of a railway collision the doctor was thrown violently over two thwarts into the captain's bosom, whom he clasped about the neck with a steel-like grip.

The next moment another breaker picked the boat up and hurled it upon the beach, throwing both captain and doctor to a perfectly safe distance, where they sprawled upon the sand. The doctor, still hugging the captain's neck and very much frightened, exclaimed:

"Oh, captain, dear captain, is there anybody killed but you and me?"

BRAVE SOLDIERS.

Sacrificed Their Lives In an Attempt to Save the Colors.

In days gone by the Zulus were the boldest fighters among all the natives of South Africa, and it was not until they had been defeated in several battles that they would live in peace with white people.

In 1878 15,000 of the Zulus attacked and killed a regiment of British soldiers, and a most heroic deed was the attempt made by three British soldiers to save the two flags, or colors, belonging to the regiment.

When it was seen that the Zulus were so many that there was no hope of keeping them at bay the colonel of the British regiment called to a young officer whose name was Lieutenant Melville and said, "You will take charge of the colors, Melville, and try to get away from here."

The lieutenant saluted and took into his hands the two colors of his regiment. Then, with another officer and a soldier, all mounted on horses, he suddenly dashed away with his precious burden.

They were at once seen by the keen sighted Zulus, however, and after a long chase the three gallant Englishmen, fighting to the last, were killed by the enemy.

Some time afterward one of the flags was found near a rocky stream, where the heroes had fought and died, and it was taken to England and presented to Queen Victoria.

And in memory of the three brave soldiers who had died while defending it the queen placed a wreath of immortelles on the staff which held the flag.—London Mail.

Paganini's Cab.

On awakening one morning at his hotel in Vienna, Paganini, the celebrated violinist, was informed that the cabman whom the previous evening he had employed to drive him to the concert hall where he was playing was waiting to see him. On being admitted to his presence the man, after having advanced poverty and a large family as an excuse for the request that he was about to make, prayed the great musician to make his fortune.

"What do you mean?" demanded Paganini. "Authorize me to write in large letters on the back of my vehicle these two words, 'Paganini's Cab,' was the answer. Consent was given, with altogether satisfactory results.

Matrimonial Repartees.

She (in stern and rockbound accents)—You married me for better or worse, didn't you, Edgar?

He—Er—um—yes, I suppose so, my love.

She—Then what are you complaining about? I'm no worse than the average married woman, I can assure you!

He (meekly)—Well, if that is the case, all I've got to say is I'm mighty glad.

She (breaking in)—Glad? He—Yes. Glad I'm not a polygamist. Er—um—looks a trifle squally over to the northeast, doesn't it, Miranda?—New York Times.

Lincoln on Money.

"Lincoln," said a senator at a banquet in Washington, "had no great admiration for mere financial success.

"Financial success," Lincoln once said, "is purely metallic. The man who attains it has four metallic attributes—gold in his palm, silver on his tongue, brass in his face and iron in his heart."

Diplomacy.

"Why do you insist on underrating the kind of golf you play?"

"Because," answered the wise official, "there is no use of making a whole lot of people jealous and antagonistic over a little thing like golf."—Exchange.

The Decisive Battles.

Some married men will contend that "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World" will never be complete until a few domestic scraps are added to the volume.—London Telegraph.

Officially Ignored.

On the relief train that had been rushed to the scene of the railway wreck was a newspaper reporter.

The first victim he saw was a man whose eyes were in mourning and whose left arm was in a sling. With his hair full of dirt, one end of his shirt collar flying loose and his coat ripped up the back, the victim was sitting on the grass and serenely contemplating the landscape.

"How many people are hurt?" asked the reporter, hurrying up to him.

"I haven't heard of anybody being hurt, young man," said the other.

"How did this wreck happen?"

"I haven't heard of any wreck."

"You haven't! Who are you, anyhow?"

"I don't know that it's any of your business, but I'm the claim agent of the road."—Chicago Tribune.

The Musical Gamut.

Guido, a monk of Arezzo, in Tuscany, in 1000 A. D. was the inventor of the gamma "ut," or gamut, and the six notes "ut," "re," "mi," "fa," "sol," "la." These syllables were taken from the first three verses of the hymn of St. John the Baptist, "Ut queant laxis," etc. Without the use of the gamut a person could not in a little time become perfect master of plain song. Guido says, in a letter which he wrote, "I hope they who come after us will not forget to pray for us, for we make a perfect master of singing in a year or two, whereas till now a person could scarce attain this science, even imperfectly, in ten years." The gamut is the first note, but oftener taken as signifying the whole scale of music or series of sounds, rising or falling toward acuteness or gravity from any given pitch or tone.

The Last Straw.

An Aitchison man has been married five years, and three times a day for five years, or, to be exact, 5,475 times, he has stepped to the dresser to brush his hair and has had to tip the mirror back to get a look in. While dressing for an evening out, his wife would keep the mirror seesawing back and forth, she pulling it out to see how her clothes hung in the back and the man pushing it back to adjust his tie and comb his hair, etc. Finally, in desperation, he bought a chignonier for his own use, but one evening he went home grouchy and found his chignonier turned around and the mirror tipped forward; his wife was using them both. This was too much, and, grabbing his heavily mounted military brushes, he slammed one at each mirror, muttered a swear word and disappeared.—Aitchison Globe.

The Conjurer Confesses.

That "the hand is quicker than the eye" is one of those accepted sayings invented by some one who knew nothing of conjuring, or, as is more likely, by some cunning conjurer who aimed still further to hoodwink a gullible public. The fact is that the best conjurer seldom makes a rapid motion, for that attracts attention, even though it be not understood. The true artist in this line is deliberate in every movement, and it is mainly by his actions that he leads his audience to look not where they ought, but in an entirely different direction. Mr. David Devant, who for a number of consecutive years has entertained London with his ingenious tricks, has said: "The conjurer must be an actor. By the expression of his face, by his gestures, by the tone of his voice—in short, by his acting—he must produce his effects."—St. Nicholas.

How Houses Become Haunted.

Nothing is easier than for a house to acquire the reputation of being haunted, even in the absence of uncanny manifestations. Dickens shows us the children of the street clustering round the keyhole of the Old Curiosity Shop to look for "the ghost" within a few hours of Quilp's removal of the goods and the desertion of the house. And a correspondent used to live in a house near the center of a provincial town one room of which was believed by some to be haunted solely because the iron shutter that closed its window on the street side was never raised. The simple explanation was that this window was bricked up behind the shutter to secure privacy for the ground floor room in question—a drawing room lighted from the garden, on the other side.—London Chronicle.

What They Lacked.

There is a certain naval officer of the United States who is very much opposed to the use of profanity by the officers under his command. Indeed, he has been known severely to reprimand in private officers on his ships heard to address their men in profane terms.

The following story is told concerning this admiral's command of a squadron engaged in target maneuvers in Magdalena bay, Lower California. The commanding officer observed one day that the men of his ship, the flagship, seemed to lag behind the crews of the other vessels of the squadron, being the last to finish the execution of a command or to carry out a maneuver. He mentioned this fact to his captain. Just as the latter was about to reply there came floating over the water from the vessel standing by the flagship a volley of oaths, the result of which was that there was some pretty hustling on the part of the men addressed.

Glancing at his superior officer with a smile, the captain replied:

"That's it, sir. You see, sir, my men don't get enough encouragement like that."—Harper's Weekly.

Lost His Nerve.

Many years ago a blacksmith near York, England, successfully performed the delicate operation of removing a cataract from an eye on several of his fellow villagers, says the London Chronicle. The fact became known to a doctor in the neighborhood, who so admired the blacksmith's skill that he provided the means for his education as an oculist. To the blacksmith the removal of the cataract was no more than a mechanical feat, but when he became acquainted with the structure of the human eye and its amazing delicacy he was so overpowered by the rashness of what he had done in ignorance that he lost his nerve, and with the fear of knowledge he insisted on returning to his anvil.

An Undesirable Audience of One.

In a series of incidents of adventure told in the Wide World Magazine perhaps the most extraordinary is a story from Natal, wherein a lady describes how on a Christmas eve she went into a tiny church to practice a Christmas voluntary when she found a huge python, attracted by the music, standing close behind her, coil upon coil. To make matters worse, she was locked in, and her only safety was to continue playing and so charm the creature. Eventually the lady's brother returned and unlocked the church door. A little dog that ran in attracted the fatal attentions of the python, while his mistress escaped. The python was shot.

"A Poor Poet."

One afternoon Browning went to call on Lady Kinloch and missed his way. A lady was standing on her doorstep, and he asked her to direct him to the house. She could not tell him, but offered to look it up for him in the directory and took him into the house, produced a directory, and together they found out what he wanted to know, and then she came out to the doorstep again so that she could point out to him the direction he had to take. He thanked her, went down the steps, hesitated and then turned and came back to her, saying: "Perhaps you may like to know to whom you have been so kind. I am a poor poet, and my name is Robert Browning."—Westminster Gazette.

A Kindred Feeling.

Justice Harlan of the supreme court was on circuit in West Virginia some years ago, when there was tried before him a case in which principal counsel was a lawyer whose head was quite devoid of hair. The day was cold and damp and the room in which the sitting was had been badly heated. It was not long before counsel had begun his argument that he said:

"Your honor, I must pause long enough to request that the window opposite be closed more tightly. I feel the draft on my head."

"The court sympathizes with you," solemnly assented Mr. Harlan. "The court has the same kind of a head."—New York World.

Ample Reason.

During the trial of a man who had made an unsuccessful attempt at suicide a lawyer had badgered the witnesses to an exasperating degree and evidently intended to pursue the same course with a meek appearing little Irishman who next took the stand.

"You say you talked with the accused an hour after his attempt?" the lawyer demanded.

"Of did," was the direct reply.

"And did he give any reason for attempting to commit suicide?"

"He did, an' it was a good reason."

"Well, and what reason did he give?"

"Sure, an' he said he wanted to kill himself." Pat answered, and for a moment even his honor could not control his laughter.—Harper's Weekly.

Lost Articles Department.

Bridget, who had administered the culinary affairs of the Morse household for many years, was sometimes torn between her devotion to her mistress and loyalty to the small son of the house.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Morse, in a tone of wonder, after an inspection of the storeroom, "where have those splendid apples gone that the man brought yesterday—those four big ones?"

"Well, now, ma'am," said poor Bridget, "I couldn't rightly say, but I'm thinkin' if you was to find where my loaf o' hot gingerbread is likely thim four red apples would be lyin' right on top of it, an' I'm only hopin' his little stummock can stand the shtratin."—Youth's Companion.

Hannah More's Wedding Day.

The celliaby of Hannah More, the English writer, which gave her so much time to bend the powers of her mind to the interests of humanity, has always been a subject of surprise and discussion. A writer relates this circumstance: "She was early engaged to be married to a gentleman of family and fortune. The wedding day was fixed. The bride and her party moved off gayly to the church where the ceremony was to be performed, only to find that the lover was not there. 'The laggard comes late,' thought the attendants. They miscalculated. He came not at all. A horseman rode up to the church door and handed a letter to Miss More. With melancholy apologies the faithless swain told her that he could not 'take the responsibility' of making her his bride. At the same time he offered any pecuniary remuneration in his power.

"Whether the lady faints or only pouted is not mentioned, but her relatives followed the business up with such promptness and spirit that the 'dastard in love' made a settlement upon the slighted lady of \$400 a year for life."—Exchange.

A Rank Outsider.

The fashionable wedding presented a festive scene. Beautiful girls in gorgeous gowns were everywhere. The bride stood proudly beneath a canopy of choice exotics, beaming in her loveliness.

"Isn't she just too sweet?" gurgled an elderly matron. "But who do you suppose is the man who is always at her side?"

"I'm sure I can't imagine," replied another matron. Then, as a brilliant idea struck her, she remarked, "Oh, I guess it's only the bridegroom!"—Exchange.

Crushed the Critic.

He was very deferential, but he was a deacon in the church, and he felt that he had a right to criticize.

"I hope you'll pardon me," he said, "if I suggest that your sermons are—ah—"

"Too prosy, I suppose," suggested the minister.

"Oh, no, not that, but too long."

"But you mustn't blame me for that," returned the minister pleasantly. "If you knew a little more I wouldn't have to tell you so much."—London Scraps.

To Make a Man Act Like a Fool.

A man was considered a general ignoramus by the concern for which he formerly worked. He came into our employ when we were obliged to take him on account of the scarcity of labor. It was not long, however, before he discovered that the firm appreciated suggestions. He proved a genius in his line, and his ideas were worth a good many dollars to us. I asked him one day why he did not present some of these ideas to his former employers, and his reply makes the point.

"They treated me like a fool," said he, "so I acted like one."—System.

Well Named.

He arrived late and worn out at the twentieth hotel, after wandering nearly all around London to find accommodations, and was delighted to learn that actually the place was not full up. Next morning, however, he complained of the bed, and the landlord stiffly said that a duke had once slept in it. "Perhaps it was the Duke of Wellington," said the visitor, with a sneer. "Perhaps it was," returned the landlord. "No wonder they called him the 'Iron Duke,'" retorted the visitor.—London News.

A Careless Boston Burglar.

A Boston burglar at midnight stealthily climbed a heavily carpeted stairway, a dim candle in hand, when the voice of the unseen mistress above called, "Who is there?" Abstractedly the intruder answered, "It's me," and then all was still. At this crucial moment that Boston burglar, suddenly overcome by the consciousness of one of the worst breaks of his life, lost heart, turned wearily about, descended to the basement, deliberately ate a small piece of cold chicken and sauntered away in deepest dejection from the back door.—Boston Herald.

Hang Your Hat on a Lead Pencil.

Take a smooth hexagon lead pencil, one without either rubber or metal end, and place it against a door or window casing. Then with a firm, heavy pressure slide the pencil some three or four inches, and it will stay as if glued to the casing. You may now hang your hat on the end of the pencil. When you slide the pencil along the casing do it without any apparent effort, and it will appear to your audience as though you had hypnotized it. This is a very neat trick if performed right.—Popular Mechanics.

Dog Spooks.

The phantom dog specter was one of the hardest of old English superstitions. Almost every county had its black dog which haunted its lonely spots and was the dread of every native. Most of them were regarded as devils, but some were held to be the spirits of human beings, transformed thus as a punishment. Lady Howard, a Devon notable of the days of James I., for instance, was said to be compelled to haunt Okehampton in the form of a dog as a punishment for her cruelty to her daughter.—London Chronicle.

Oxygen and Mushrooms.

One of the government experts attached to the department of agriculture describes a singular way of removing oxygen from the air by the aid of a plant. Inside a glass bell jar, suspended over water, is placed a mushroom, and sunlight is allowed to fall on the plant. The mushroom absorbs the oxygen from the air in the jar, and the carbonic acid formed during the process is absorbed by the water, which gradually rises in the jar to one-fifth of its height. The mushroom now dries up, but its animation is only suspended, as may be proved by introducing beside it a green plant, when it will again begin to vegetate, being nourished by the oxygen exhaled from the fresh plant.—Pittsburg Post.

Fine Finish.

The man who writes thrilling melodramas rushed into the manager's office in a state of great excitement.

"I've got it!" he shouted triumphantly. "I've got it!"

"Got what?" asked the surprised manager.

"Why, the sensation of the year. In the third act of my new play there is a mill scene. Harold Headlight, the hero, casts the villain down into the yawning jaws of two great emery wheels."

The manager grinned.

"Emery wheels!" he chuckled. "Then, I suppose, he has a fine finish?"

"Yes, very fine. In fact, he comes out a polished villain."—Chicago News.

Auto-matic Complaints.

"I am all around tired," sighed the weary auto wheel.

"And I am worn out," moaned the shabby cloak, sinking on the seat.

"I'm just played out," complained the tooting horn.

"That's nothing. I have that all gone, empty feeling," said the gasoline tank.

But just then all were put into the garage and shut up.—Baltimore American.

Sarcastic.

A young woman in London tendered the caddy the exact fare of a shilling at the end of a journey.

"Half a moment, miss," said the driver. "Are you married?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Because," was the rejoinder, "when you do marry, whoever gets you will have a treasure. You makes a bob go farther than any gal I know."

Small Quarters For Moses.

Donald is fond of Bible stories. His auntie was relating to him the story of Moses in the basket of bulrushes, when he earnestly inquired:

"Did he ever grow to be a man?"

"Yes," he was told.

"A great big man?"

"Yes."

Donald remarked incredulously, "Well, I'd 'a' thought he'd 'a' busted the basket."—Delineator.

Wretched Man.

See the sorrowful man. The man has every reason to look pleasant. His home is a happy one, his business is successful, his children are good looking and well behaved, he has health and credit to burn and money in the bank, yet he looks as gloomy as a dyspeptic atheist. The day has come when he must give his desk its annual cleaning out.—Newark News.

Necessity Past.

Congress had been asked would it please do something for the Delaware. "Delaware?" repeated the members, with a puzzled air. "What's that?"

"It's a river that Washington once crossed," explained an advanced representative of the people.

"Well, he got across all right, didn't he?" responded the inquirers. "What's the use of improving the river now?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Hole In Glass.

A hole may be cut or etched through glass readily by using hydrofluoric acid, says Machinery. The acid should be applied in the same way as etching acid, using wax to surround the portion of glass which is to be penetrated. Hydrofluoric acid is sold in wax bottles, as it cannot be kept in glass. It may be handled with a hard rubber dropper similar in construction to the ordinary glass medicine droppers.

A Pretty Kettle of Fish.

When the patient called on his doctor he found the good man in a state of great apprehension.

"I've got all the symptoms of the disease you have," said the doctor. "I'm sure I have caught it from you."

"What are you so scared about?" asked the patient.

"Why, man," replied the doctor, "I don't think I can cure it."—Harper's Weekly.

The Last Chances.

An Italian gravedigger after digging a certain grave put in a bill that was exorbitant. When complaint of the overcharge was made to him he said:

"Well, the corpse and I had a row five years ago over a cart I sold him, and I could never make him pay me what he owed. So, seeing this was my last chance, I thought I'd better take it."

Took It Out on the Boy.

"What, you want a dollar for spending money?" exclaimed Mr. Tyes. "Look here, young man, when I was a boy of your age my father never gave me a dollar to spend foolishly. I was taught to consider myself lucky if I got a nickel."

"Well," protested Bobby, "you don't need to jump on me about it. Tell your troubles to grandpa."—Cleveland Leader.

No Help Needed.

Visitor—I say, old boy, you are the most absurdly infatuated husband I ever saw in my life, considering how long you've been married. You praise every dish your wife makes, and yet her cooking is abominable.

Host—Sh! Don't speak so loud. I know her cooking is bad, but if I say a word she gets discouraged and sends for her mother.

Official Corporal Punishment.

The Geratsche Zeitung in a recent issue reproduced a "royal decree" issued by the Grand Duke Heinrich XX. at Gratz, in December, 1844, to show that corporal punishment was practiced "officially" at that time. The document calls attention to the fact that "from sunset until midnight boys disturbed the peace" and ordered a special patrol to arrest all such offenders, "take them to the lockup and before a magistrate, and if found guilty to punish them with twenty blows, and that these be administered by two corporals with sticks."

How Tommy Found It.

Tom Jackson said one morning at breakfast:

"Hang it all! While I was weeding I dropped my Imperial Order of the Roosters pin on the lawn, and I've been looking for it now over half an hour. It's gone for good, I suppose."

That night when Jackson sat down to dinner there was his pin beside his plate.

"Bully for you!" said he. "Where did you find it, Martha?"

"I let Tommy go barefooted this afternoon," said Mrs. Jackson quietly.

"Yep, woman is certainly do cause of me beln' dis way. If me wife hadn't lost her job, I'd had a home right now."—New Orleans Picayune.

Hewitt—Lend me a dollar, old man.

Jewett—I never lend money.

Hewitt—Give me a dollar, then.

New York Press.

Farmer—What are you doing in your apple tree?

Thief—Excuse me. I just fell off a balloon.—Fliegende Blatter.

"Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?"

"Yes, judge, and he can drink like a fish."—Harper's Weekly.

"That man has done some mighty good things."

"Yes; I was one of them."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Teacher—Spring flowers bring forth what, Tommie?

Tommie—Umbrellas, ma'am!—Yonkers Statesman.

A woman can thrill as deeply over her preparations for housecleaning as a man getting ready to go fishing.—New York Press.

Judge—Is that your real name?

Prisoner (who has been up before)—No, yer honor it's my "pen" name.—Harvard Lampoon.

Missionary—May I ask what course you intend to take with me?

Cannibal King—The regular one. You'll follow the fish.

Witness—I saw a man with one eye named Wilkins.

Lawyer—What was the name of the other eye?